

A DREAM OF THE PAST,  
BALLAD,  
SUNG BY  
MR H. PHILLIPS,  
AND  
M<sup>RS</sup> ALFRED SHAW,  
AT THE  
FESTIVALS AND CONCERTS,  
THE POETRY BY  
CHARLES JEFFERYS,  
THE MUSIC BY  
ALEXANDER LEE.

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# A DREAM OF THE PAST.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES JEFFERYS.

COMPOSED BY ALEXANDER LEE.

ANDANTE.

*p*

*f*

*Lento.*

*p*

*mf*

There's a joy for the young, there's a joy for the old, More than

Days brightest vi-sions can e-ver un-fold, And it comes o'er the heart, in the

deep sleep of night, Like a rain-bow that tin-ges the stormclouds with light; Its

beams may soon va-nish but, oh! while they last, Hath the world aught of joy like a

*p*

A Dream of the past.

or  
dream of the Past Hath the

dream of the Past Hath the world aught of joy like a dream of the Past!

*mf*  
The days of our Child-hood - the

*f* *p*  
years of our Youth Put on in that hour all the semblance of Truth; We may

sport with the play-ful, and smile with the gay, As we

A Dream of the past.



sport-ed and play'd in Life's hap - - pi-est day: The heart may be lone-ly, our  
 lot be o'er-cast, But the lone-li-est still have a dream of the Past. The  
 lone-li-est still have a dream of the Past. We may  
 hold sweetest converse with friends that are gone, We may whis-per the vow that was

or dream of the Past.

Dream of the past.

breath'd but to one... Even Death can not take from the sweet sleep of night The

Parent or friend that hath once blest our sight; 'Tis the E - den of Earth which no

grief can o'er-cast That comes o'er the heart in a dream of the Past It

Cadenza

or   
dream of the Past.

*ad lib.*  
comes o'er the heart in a dream of the Past.

A Dream of the past.

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